

The Little Guys

by The Fandom Garrison

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Summary: ROTBTD! T because I'm paranoid and there is mild blood at the beginning. When Jack is betrayed by the Guardians, he and the other season spiritsâ€" Rapunzel (Spring) Hiccup (Autumn) and Merida (Summer)â€" start a new life, posing as humans. And what's the best way to start fresh? Create a place where every one feels like family. And so, The Little Guy's Cafe was created. (I OWN NOTHING

1. A Betrayal

****A/N: Yay! This is Rise of the Brave Tangled Dragons! Erg, you know I don't own Rotg, HTTYD, Tangled, or Brave. If I did there would be a movie about them!****

Jack outstretched his arms and let out a pure whoop of joy as he soared over the staggering ice cliffs and mountainous glaciers of the North Pole. He was on his way to see the guardians for a meeting, and Jack had shocked himself when he wanted to go. Why? Because of the guardians! It had been just about a year and a half since they five had sent Pitch fleeing into the confines of the nightmares (well, one year, 178 days, 11 hours, and... 23- no, now 24 minutes. But who was counting?) and Jack could not remember a happier time. His group of believers had wildly expanded from Burgess and had traveled thickly to New York like a trail of light as more and more children witnessed the messages Jamie and his friends had been sending ever since they first believed, but no matter what, Jack still regarded Burgess as his home. He knew that North had offered him a room at the Pole, but Jack didn't think he was ready to go that far, yet. Maybe, just maybe, he could see it as a home.

Speaking of North, Jack admitted to himselfâ€" dangerously, precariously, thrillinglyâ€" that North was becoming like a father to him. It wasn't just the offer, but the advice, the hugs, and proud smiles North sent him were just amazing. He couldn't really remember his human father, only knew that he was a wonderful man who had given him the staff he now carried. He had found the jagged branch and

brought it home. The one clear memory Jack had of his father was the hours the two spent whittling the staff down to smooth, cleaning the nicks, and even sparing a bit of shoe polish to make it shine. And even though that was over 300 years ago, he swore that when the wind was soft enough, he could press his nose close enough to the bark and faintly detect a faint trace of the tart, thick substance that would have once made him gag. Now he cherished every whiff. He would obtain glimpses of this memory around North, especially when the jolly man would teach him ice carving. The way North would guide his hands, speaking gently, almost a whisper, to tell him how to be instinctual and smooth it over just right and chip away like that caused a wave of both bittersweet nostalgia and overwhelming happiness. Yes, in this familyâ€" dare he say the wordâ€" North was a father.

Also fitting in was the always energetic Tooth. After the whole centuries amnesia fiasco, Tooth had devoted every grain of spare time to comb through the earlier of Jack's memories (obeying his request for her to avoid his last ones) to find peopleâ€" friends, cousins, aunts, unclesâ€" who had memories that could be reviewed for glimpses of Jack's shrouded past. A past, he might add, where he could distinctly hear his mother call out to him, telling him to be careful. Yes, that's what Tooth wasâ€" the mother. Constantly doting, asking him what he needed, demanding he start eating moreâ€" yes, mother indeed. In fact, Jack had almost fallen out of the sky yesterday when he left the Tooth Palace and set off to Burgessâ€" from where he was returningâ€" and heard her call out "Be careful!" Shock had corroded his senses, and for the briefest instant he dropped at the sound of his mothers voices echoing in his head. But he managed to right himself, and called back before he could stop himself. "We will!" He sped up then, his cheeks burning, trying to avoid the questions. Yes, she was just like a mother.

But one can never have two wonderful parents with out a killjoy to rein them in. So the job fell to Bunny. Just as Tooth and North had taken it upon themselves to shower him with love and support, Bunny made it his sole mission to ruin Jack's plans. Granted, he didn't catch muchâ€" but Bunny managed a few hard ones and still tried, which Jack couldn't ignore. But just like Bunny tried to spoil his fun, Bunny was there when things got too sensitive to tell North or Tooth and too far when he couldn't keep it to himself. The most recent of this events was right before Jack left for Burgess. He had confided in Bunny that he was afraid what would happen if Jamie stopped believing. Now, Jamie was eleven, still well within the norm of believers, but Jack was terrified of the day he would lose him. He almost panickedâ€" but there had been Bunny, reminding him that all the guardians were there for him, and Sophie and the rest of Jamie's friends would be there as well to help him remember. And that was how Bunny fell into the role of Big Brother.

And last was Sandy. Wow, Sandy. There were times when Jack could never place the role of the dream giver, and other days where it was smacking him in the face. For starters, Sandy could fit in the category of sibling/cousin, seeing as there were days that Sandy would plot with, against, or for Jack against North and Tooth, somehow seeming more like Bunny and acting separate from the doting two others. Yet there were times Sandy could be a mentor, or uncle, or grandfather. Yes...grandfather. Those wise words, gentle looks and even soft reprimand action...that was all Sandy. All grandfather. Jack wasn't entirely sure, but he was fairly certain his human grandfathers had died before he was born.

They were becoming a family.

Jack saw the Pole looming up before him and his heart fluttered with excitement. He hadn't seen them in a week! His head filled with images of their smiles, their hugs, their voices. He zoomed up to the window that North left unlocked for him and pushed eagerly through to see...

Darkness.

The window led to the globe room, where the guardians usually held their meetings. But now the only source of light was the globe itself, the bazillions of lights shining fiercely in the dimness but only giving a weak source. Jack squinted, trying to use the glow of the rapidly setting sun. The fireplace was out, no elves scurried around the place, no one was here, and...everything was quiet.

The usual roar of activity that accompanied the pole, the hammering, whirring machinery, and shouts of yeti were gone, leaving only the silence to invade Jack's ears. Panic began to swell in his chest.

He was alone. Again. They swore they wouldn't leave him!

"Thisâ€" He mentally winced when his voice cracked fearfully. "This isn't funny, guys!" He called loud, desperately hoping that this was one of Bunny's pranks. The Easter Kangaroo could take it a little far sometimes, like big brothers do. So maybe they were just hiding, waiting for him to venture in far enough to jump out and scare him. Yes, that was it. A game. He could play. He opened his mouth when a horrible realization punched him in stomach and his rationality fizzled out. How could you hide Sandy? The dream giver was like a light house, glowing with believer magic. You could throw a quilt over the guy and it wouldn't make a difference! And Jack saw nothing like that apart from the globe.

"Guys? Please, please come out. I really don't like this." He fought back his mounting hysteria and tried to hold onto hope that Sandy had been put in an anti-Sandy box or something. He knew that the Guardians respected him as well; if he asked them, genuinely, to stop, they would comply as they realized it wasn't funny for him. But here, in real time, nothing stirred, nothing moved. There was no booming laugh, warm welcoming voice with the melodious hum of wings, no gruff acknowledgement, or whisper of sand.

No one was here.

Jack panicked.

"North?!" He cried, stumbling further into the workshop with his staff clutched in his white knuckled hand. "Tooth?! Bunny?!" His head whipped in all directions as the darkness swallowed him. "Sandy?!" Oh, Jack hated the dark, he just hated it. "Anyone?!" He screamed into the stillness. For a moment, his yell disturbed the still surface of the silence and he felt the noise ripple the top like a pond. Then, it traveled outward and faded, leaving Jack alone.

In the darkness.

Letting out a pained cry, Jack sank to his knees in the middle of the

black sea. He hated to look so weak, he had no idea where it was coming from, but he felt the feeling that a child gets after a horrible nightmareâ€" he wanted someone to be there for him...to promise that it would be okay.

Suddenly, Jack swore he felt a vibrationâ€" like a footstep, just behind him. He whipped around, frightenedâ€" and saw a large, familiar out line in the shadows. Jack relaxed his staff and wanted to scream with relief. " North! Thank MiM you're here. Why isâ€" "

"It was all your fault, Jack."

"What?" The shocked cry burst from his mouth. What was his fault? What happened?

"You will pay for what you have done." Then the saber arced towards him.

Jack yelped and dodged just in time, feeling the razor-sharp blade nick his ear and draw a trickle of blood. He stumbled back, forcing his legs to continue his journey back. North remained in the darkness, where Jack couldn't see his face. "What are you doing?!" He called desperately, terror churning in his stomach.

"Somethin' we shoulda done a long time ago." Jack pivoted around, barely a foot from Bunny. Like North, Bunny's face was shrouded in shade. SHHHK! A flash came from Bunny's directionâ€" something cracked on Jack's temple, bouncing off and returning to its owner. 'The boomerang.' Jack thought sluggishly as stars burst in his eyes and he was thrown on to his back by the force of the hit. Automatically, his arms began to propel him backwards, to the side, away from the two, but he didn't make it far when the back of his head sensed feathers. He forced himself to his feet and gasped as he glimpsed Tooth's hazy silhouette, shielded by darkness. He sensed no love from that direction, and he was horrified. He backed awayâ€" and saw Sandy opposite of his 'mother.'

The little man was also in the shade, his face featureless with dark. A small amount of light from the waning sun hit Sandy's arm and reflected the sand that coated him, but it was dull. Unshining. It was a horrible sight.

Jack blinked rapidly, trying to clear his head as the four began to tighten the four points of their circle, cornering him within the center. "Please, guys, stop." He begged, but somehow knew he couldn't get through to them. Jack's heartbeat began to race as his family showed no signs of stopping. There was no getting through to them, they wanted to fight him, and Jack knew he couldn't win. So he had to get out.

Jack lunged for the window he came through, using the wind to propel him over Sandy's headâ€" when a thin whip of sand lashed around his ankle and he was thrown down, face first. THUD. Jack staggered woozily to his feet, trying to keep his balance.

Then the real fight began. Jack managed to duck the first boomerang and the second sword stroke, but it was all down from there. Everything blurred, time became nonexistent as Jack faced an endless barrage of swords, boomerangs, and whips. Vaguely he could see Tooth

hovering by the window, making sure he did not escape.

Whoosh! North's sword sliced a large gash on Jack's left shoulder. A scream of pain was wrenched from his lungs.

SHLOCK! Bunny's boomerang nailed Jack in the gut, causing him to wheeze and gasp for air.

Crack! Sandy's whips were everywhereâ€" striking his cheeks, slicing at his arms and wrists and legs and ankles, scorching his entire being.

Jack had never felt more terror in his life when he realized they were trying to kill him.

They began to drive him backwards, their attacks so unrelenting that Jack did not have the time to even lift his staff- it was all he could do to maintain his grip. He staggered back, trying to keep his footingâ€" for if he fell, it would be overâ€" when he felt his back press against cold glass. The window. Jack knew he had one option, and one option only. Jack leaned forward as far as he could, striving for the momentum that would break through the thick glass made for withstanding the extreme conditions of the Northâ€" when Tooth did him one last favor.

In a bright colored flash, Tooth's fist slammed into his mouth. The sheer force of the small but strong immortal's blow sent Jack soaring back, and with an almighty, almost melodiously discordant crash, Jack pitched through the window and fell face down, seeing the ground rush up to meet him.

He fell until he hit the deep snow bank with a great POOF!

Jack groaned weakly, grimacing as he felt the pieces of glass shift in his body, and stared at the red in the white snow. He coughed slightly, and the red stain grew. Carefully, he probed in his mouth for the cutâ€" when he found a new hole. Tooth had knocked out his last baby tooth. It was up there, somewhere, with the guardians... The guardians! Panic choked Jack, but he forced himself to his feet. Without being asked, the wind picked him up and shot him in the direction of help.

Blood streamed from his wounds and everything hurt, so bad. But nothing hurt more than his heart, which ached with the knowledge that his family didn't want him. He had been wrong, so wrong.

The last thing Jack remembered before blacking out was a sweet smell as he was carried past Rapunzel's domain, and a cry of concern.

At least someone cared.

2. Safe?

Rapunzel was busy. Jack would be wrapping up winter soon, and everything had been sleeping. Now it was time to wake up! Everything had to be perfect!

"Sia? Aro? Eliennie?"

The little spring helpers ran forward to their surrogate mother. They were some of the little children who had gotten lost on their way to the after life, stuck in the void for so many years (And really, you had to cut Christopher some slackâ€" when you spend all your time rounding up dead children, you're bound to miss a few). But recently, Rapunzel and her friends had released them and the transfer had given them immortality. They all had been offered the position of helper for the season of their choice, and Rapunzel had made a good number. They were delightful children. Merida and Hiccup had also gotten some helpers, but Jack was had none yet. Well, more children were coming, and he was bound to get some.

"Miss Punzie?" Asked Elliennie, her colonial dress fluttering in the spring breeze. The children were from all different times. She even had a few who didn't know English!

She realized she had been dozing and commanded. "Yes, Elliennie, take Ayan, Distro, and Faye and work on the snow in Moscow. Uncle Jack left us a lot of work to do!" The four children giggled and set off excitedly.

Suddenly, she heard a cry. "Miss Punzie! Miss Punzie! It's Uncle Jack!" Young Aria ran up to her and began to tug her towards the rose fields.

"What?" Rapunzel was confused. "What happened?"

"He crashed!"

"In the rose field?" Oh, now that trickster would get it. Those roses were her the fruits of her labors, the reward of her work. He had promised not to touch them! Oh, she was going toâ€"

She saw him, and her heart stopped.

Her surrogate brother was sprawled, face-down, in the field, his body littered with injuries. His left arm was splayed out at an odd angle and his neck was tilted to the side, his closed eyes seeming to bore up at her as blood trickled out of his mouth.

Rapunzel was frozen.

Her little helpers were inching towards him as Rapunzel's feet were stuck, inspecting this foreign creature. Ratchet, one of her oldest helpers, grabbed a stick and tentatively poked him in his left shoulder. At the jostle, Jack groaned in pain, the helpers scattered, and Rapunzel found she could move again.

She darted forward and carefully picked him up, wincing as she tugged him free of the thorns. He shuddered and twitched, as if trying to escape.

"Shh, Jack, I got you." She murmured.

He relaxed slightly, and was that a smile?

As she carried him towards his room at her home, she whispered, "Jack...who did this to you?" She could tell that he crashed because he was already injured, and the thin cuts that littered his body and the skin beneath his torn sweatshirt, seemed to be caused by some

sort of whip.

Jack sagged in her arms and his would-be could-be smile vanished. He buried his head in her shoulder like a child and whimpered.

"The Guardians."

3. A Crazy Plan

****Hey guys! So sorry for not updating sooner. made a few new stories that was fun... Well enjoy!****

Once Jack was settled, Rapunzel was struggling to prioritize: call the others, or give hell to the person who did this.

She decided. Call the others, and they would help her give hell to the person who did this. Something feebly stirred in her stomach like a flower trying to grow in the arctic, something telling her she was being irrational, but she was now was not the time to be meek and calm.

Rapunzel plunged her hand into the pocket of her dress and pulled out a sleek remote that resembled a computer mouse. She pressed the orange and purple buttons, sending out a signal to her friends that would bring them here.

BANG!

Almost immediately, a two brilliant flashes of light exploded in front of her and she leapt back just in time for the two to crumple to the ground. Merida regained her feet quickly, shoving her bright red tresses out of her eyes, grinning madly, while Hiccup stood up a bit more slowly, carefully slipping his prosthetic underneath him before cautiously straightening his legs, his arms held out to either side for balance. But he was smiling, still happy to see her.

Then, Merida saw the tear tracks down Rapunzel's face.

Instantly, her smile vanished quicker than you could swallow and she stalked over to her sister.

"Who did this?" She demanded, "Who made ya cry? Just tell me and I'll shoot 'em in theâ€œ"

"Merida!" Hiccup called. "Give her some space. Let her talk." Merida backed up a few paces with a huff, fingering her bow. Rapunzel gave Hiccup a small smile of thanks before launching into what she knew would change them all.

"It's not me, Meri. It's Jack. He..." She swallowed. "He was attacked, by... By the Guardians."

Merida exploded. "WHAT?! OH, THEY'LL BE DEAD WITHIN THE DAY! NO ONE HURTS MY LITTLE BROTHER AND GETS AWAY WITH IT! I'M GONNA-"

"MERIDA!" Hiccup yelled. He turned to Rapunzel. His face was worried-worried about Jack and a small part of Rapunzel that wasn't cheering Merida on felt relieved that someone had their priorities straight. "What's wrong with him? Will he be alright?"

Rapunzel grimaced. "Come on...I'll show you."

Merida sucked in a breath when she saw Jack. "Great Seas..." She whispered.

Jack's pale hair was plastered to his forehead with sweat, and his cheeks were dangerously red with fever. His bare chest heaved, and each inhale resulted in a sickly groan. A few of the braver helpers were changing his bandages, carefully peeling off the bloodstained cloth and replacing it with a clean, soft one, showing some of his injuries.

Both of his legs were in casts and elevated. They were clearly broken, presumably from a fall.

His left shoulder was a mess of oozing blood and matted flesh, as if he had been stabbed.

North's saber. They silently agreed.

Jack's face and neck were fretted with angry red welts and thin lines of blood, like a tiny sharp end had beat him.

Sandy's dreamsand whips. That was for certain.

All over his body, identical bruises were thickly scattered, turning purple and black and blue.

Bunnymund's Boomerang. It couldn't be anything else.

"So we think Tooth was the only one who _didn't_ beat him up?" Hiccup murmured.

"No." Muttered Rapunzel. "Look."

She gently parted Jack's upper lip, exposing the bloodstained gum and... Missing tooth.

"Oh, that's very her." Hiccup spat bitterly.

They all stared at their hurt friend in silence.

"Come on." Rapunzel whispered.

They all filed out into the hall, where Hiccup banged his head against the wall with a heavy thump. "I thought I understood what you meant when you said 'attacked' but...this..." He peeled his forehead off the wall and stared at them with shocked eyes. "This is just messed up." He paused and said quietly, "We have to do something."

The two girls nodded their heads on this.

"We need to go somewhere safe"

"We need to attackâ€" "

Hiccup and Rapunzel stared at each other, having spoken at the same time. Rapunzel gasped, "You want to hide from the monsters that did

this? We owe it to Jack toâ€"

"To put him first! As you saw in there, Jack isn't coping too well with his injuries and the heat here is making it worse. We need to go somewhere safe and hide out, at least for a while. It wouldn't be hard to blend in with the mortals. We could use totalis fides to be visible to the humans."

"But we can't just go and let them get away with what they've done!"

The two stared intensely at each other for several tense seconds, green sizzling into hazel. Arguments between the four were rare, and Hiccup and Rapunzel disagreeing was even rarer.

"Merida?"

The redhead, who had been watching the fight wide eyed like a tennis match, blinked with shock and stared at Hiccup. "What?"

"What do you think we should do?" Hiccup spared a glance at her, his hazel eyes burning with stubbornness.

"I...um..." The wild haired girl looked carefully between the two of them, and fierce triumph surged in Rapunzel's chest. Knowing Merida, she would want to get revenge on the god-damned Guardians!

"I..." Merida paused, took a breath, and said firmly, "I'm with Hiccup."

"What?!" Shrieked Rapunzel madly. "Youâ€"you want to just roll over an-and let them get away with this?!"

Merida's blue eyes widened even further and her cheeks turned red. "O' course not!" She cried, "I care for Jack just as much as you doâ€" as we all do. An' while the Guardians have somethin comin for 'em, I think that we should take Jack somewhere he can recover instead of putting our own needs for revenge first!"

Hot shame began to fill Rapunzel's stomach like a water balloon, threatening to pop. She stared at her feet. They were right. She needed to think of Jack.

"So it's decided, then." Sighed Hiccup. "We pack up and make base somewhere cold, like Montana. I'll put in a request to Mom about giving the alternates a leg-stretch for a while." He was, of course, referring to Mother Nature, the patron of all seasons. She had the power to grant minor spirits (Storm sprites, leaf fairies, flood nymphs, etc) the power of the seasons- temporarily. "Then, just quick trips to the vaults to get the amulets, and we can be on our way."

The three shared small smiles before Hiccup and Merida teleported back to their realms to pack. Rapunzel explained what would happen to her helpers who were sad to see her go but insisted on doing the packing. As she waited, Rapunzel sighed and sat by Jack, feeling a hollowness in her stomach were his laughter, his bright eyes should have been. But the guardians... They were supposed to be his family, just as much as the seasons were. This horrible betrayal would leave scars, both physical...and mental.

Rapunzel swallowed back tears and ran her fingers through Jack's hair. "We'll keep you safe." Se whispered to her sleeping form. "I promise."

4. A Certain Perspective

****The next chapter! Enjoy! And to the guest: yes there will be romance, but I'm not saying who...****

To any human, or to anyone at all, The Little Guy's Caf   was a normal cafe run by normal people, even if they did seem rather young.

It had just sprung out if the ground, really. There wasn't the usual cardboard front with huge color advertisements, or any construction at all. It had just seemed to appear over night in Bozeman, Montana, hand-drawn cards placed in the windows, tentatively inviting customers in. And when you walked in, you never wanted to leave.

No, it wasn't that seductive pull that held on never let go that hear in the movies. This was a warm feeling that filled your heart like summer afternoon yet left you as awake and clear minded as you would be on a crisp, snowy winter night on the full moon.

A smiling young girl named Rose, with long, blonde hair and bright, spring-green eyes, seeming to be no older than seventeen would greet you with an energetic smile and a sweet voice that jingled like the pendent she wore around her neck, thanking you for coming no matter how many times you'd been and leading you to the perfect table, her long-sleeved pink skirt floating on her delicate physique and her skinny jeans fitting her appropriately. She would then whisk out quadruple fold menus, one card for each season of food.

While this food was designated by seasons, it wasn't seasonal, oh no. This food, no matter what, was always available. Why, one especially steamy afternoon you could get a nice cup of frozen hot chocolate off Jack Frost's section (that was what the winter section was called) and a plate of Rapunzel's home-made cookies. (Rapunzel was the name for the spring selection). It was any combination, any time.

Perhaps, if you sat close enough to the kitchen, you would hear two voices yelling cheerfully at each other over the hisses of cooking dishes and clanks of outgoing meals. If you listened carefully while sipping your frozen hot chocolate, you could distinguish distinct Scottish sounds of an energetic girl and a slight Irish brogue that belonged to a young man. Sometimes, these two cooks would deliver the meals to the tables by themselves, always friendly and smiling, and often poking fun at another like brother and sister, not that they looked anything alike.

The scottish girl was tall and had a strong, athletic build and corkscrew curls of fiery red hair, the brightest anyone had ever seen. She often wore a dark green top and a jean skirt with a golden amulet, like a military dog tag around her neck. Her blue eyes were bright and exciting, always looking for opportunities and ready to take things on full speed. She called herself Elin, and made most of the summer dishes.

The boy, on the other hand, was not so. He was a bit shorter, and was rather thin. His army jacket, comfortable jeans, and dark orange yarn scarf seemed to both compliment and accept the fact. He had shaggy, light brown hair, almost auburn, that seemed to nearly matched his smoky autumn eyes. He was a bit calmer than Elin, a bit more docile, but was clever and quick thinker, proving to be more thoughtful and cautious. He responded to the name Hayden, and wore a similar dog tag to Elin's around his neck that often got lost in his scarf. Hayden made the Autumn dishes.

But the thing that always caught the customers attention that most, what raised the most questions, was the pale, white-haired boy that rolled around the cafe in a wheelchair, his legs confined to casts and small bandages all over his body, not to mention a brace on his left shoulder and a now faint mark of what must have been a nasty bruise on the left corner of his mouth.

When asked, he would give a tight smile and reply that there had been an accident. No more, no less. But there were times when he would seem unbothered by such inconsequential things as wheel chairs and casts and injuries and would smile and laugh so much that it was simply infectious. His chair was fitted with trays on either side so he could bring out food and drinks, helping with the serving. One would routinely comb the chattering crowds of often crowded cafe for his ever roaming, old-fashioned brown hat that he donned atop his white locks, just to talk to the boy and see how he was. It was surmised that if he could stand he would be tall, and wiry. He wore a blue t-shirt that matched his eyes, overlaid with a black vest, paired with brown denim pants. Like his co-workers, a charmed necklace constantly banged against his chest. To his consumers, he obviously represented winter, in all its fun. His friends called him Jack, and that was all anyone knew.

These four were the only staff seen by the public, but of course they assumed there were more in the kitchen and beyond the doors.

So the cafe grew in fame as more people came to try the menu, full of dishes with amazing recipes that were so old, no one remembered them. One woman claimed her family had recipes that dated just over two-hundred years and that there was nothing like what was served at the Cafe. When young Jack was asked where, oh where he had gotten the recipe, he would smile as if telling a great secret and say, "It's my mother's. She invented them." This, of course, left people scratching their heads, wondering how his mother could be three hundred years old.

5. Encounters and Hunting

Rapunzel sighed with relief as she flipped over the sign on the door from 'open' to 'closed.' As much as she enjoyed her job, it even got to her after a while, immortality and all. She suspected she would have to sleep soon if she wanted to stay at her peak.

She walked back into the kitchen, where Hiccup and Jack were washing dishes and Merida was updating the stock, expenses, profit, and inventoryâ€” while arguing among themselves.

"I know it, Hic." Jack was grinning as he rubbed a plate dry with a

rag. "That girl that sat at the bar â€" the blonde one who ordered, like, ten Shirley Templesâ€" she was _totally_ checking me out."

"Yeah, right," Chuckled Hiccup. "Because a twenty-four year oldâ€" "

"Weht." Merida suddenly hissed, whipping around and scoring a large stray mark across the paper. He voice rose into a shriek, hysterical with laughter. "Sheh was _twenty-four_?!"

She and Hiccup burst into fits of laughter as Jack tried valiantly to act dignified, but Hiccup cut in before he could speak.

"Yeah," he gasped, his face bright red. "Cuz' a twenty-four year old would be checking out someone ten years younger!"

This sent him and Merida back into stitches, and Jack saw his chance, trying to look as dignified as possible from his wheelchair. He straightened his back, thrust out jus chin, and said indignantly, "Hey! Just because I became immortal at fourteenâ€" "

The other two's laughter briefly overwhelmed him. "â€"HEY!" He shouted over them. "I'm three hundred and fifteen!"

"Yah!" Hooted Merida, her itinerary laying forgotten on the floor, "And when ya got married, don't ya think her parents would be, 'Oh, that's _quite_ the age gap!'" Even Rapunzel couldn't suppress a small giggle that didn't go unnoticed by Jack.

"Aw, not you too, Punzie!" He pouted. But a smile still tugged at the corner of his mouth, even as he tried to repress it.

"B'sides," Merida finally giggled, wiping tears of mirth from her eyes. "It's not like she'd consider ya boyfriend material when you're crippled like that, Jack."

Instantly, the cheerful atmosphere vanished as every drop of humor was sucked from the air, leaving it dry and brittle.

Hiccup and Rapunzel froze, their eyes widening at the careless words.

Jack's smile melted off his face as he stared at Merida with his mouth slightly agape. There was something in his eyes, just how distant they were, that suggested that he wasn't seeing her. His friends could only watch helplessly as past terrors flashed before his eyes, invisible to them but all too real to him.

"Jack?" Rapunzel said tentatively.

Suddenly, Jack's head snapped up and he looked around as if he was waking from a deep sleep. His grin was abruptly back, full and bright. "Yeah, but before you know it I'll be outta this chair and kicking your butt in fights."

"As if," Hiccup snorted "Like Punzie and I would let you start the second Hurricane Katrina?"

"Hey!" Jack protested. "That was self-defense!"

The lightness seeped back into the room like it had never been gone. Even Merida's smile resumed.

"Yah," She huffed. "That's how that story goes."

"It is!"

The laughter swept back into the room, and it was as if nothing had happened.

Jack continued, "It was self defense because some of your little sparky minions tried to attack me!"

"The Spark Spritesâ€"Ya were in our territory!"

"I _lived_ in Burgess!"

Rapunzel leaned against the wall, content to watch her friends bicker light-heartedly. She remembered the darker times, when they had first moved to Bozeman. Jack had to be kept in the flat above the CafÃ©, hooked up to all kinds of mortal machines while the windows were open to allow in cold air. It was two months before he woke up, and when he did, he was nearly inconsolable. His grief and agony were so great that he had to be put on sedatives. And when he cleared up, he had to adjust to a wheel chair and shoulder brace, both of which allowed limited movement, which had driven him nuts.

But he was off the sedatives now, and doing better, as his immortality sped up the healing process rapidly. When Tooth had knocked out his last baby tooth, an adult one grew in over night. The large bruise on the skin above had faded and shrank, now only slightly visible. He had recently traded in plaster casts for strap-on boots. Maybe in another year, he'd be as good as new.

Physically, at least.

Suddenly, a loud THUMP THUMP THUMP! Sounded on the roof, right above their heads and cutting into their conversation. Hiccup groaned, his head lolling lazily onto his own shoulder. "Tooth_less..." He sighed and started towards the back door when Jack grabbed his arm.

"I'll do it." He offered.

Hiccup hesitated. "Are you sure? He might be a little crazyâ€" "

"Please," Jack scoffed. "I can handle crazy."

Hiccup shrugged and let him pass, ignoring the worried looks the girls gave him.

â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"â€¢â€"

"You ready, bud?" He asked the dark dragon. Toothless snorted in response. Over the past few months, Toothless had gotten used to Jack riding him as well as Hiccup. Since the winter spirit still couldn't fly (his boots would weigh him down, so his staff was in his room above the shop, unused) Toothless was the closest he could get to his

old freedom. Jack was already strapped in and ready.

Toothless crouched down, his muscles bunching beneath Jack's legs, and took off from the dark alley he had sheltered in. The brick walls dropped away beneath them as they soared upwards and into the inky night, the full moon glowing on them.

"You ready?" Jack called. In response, Toothless rocketed East, the city lights fading away until nothing but pines and mountains stretched beneath them. Jack closed his eyes, feeling the wonderfully cool wind rush against his cheeks like a caress. He knew distantly that any human would find it below freezing, but it was perfect for him.

Suddenly, Jack felt vibrations beneath that he now recognized as Toothless's growl.

Something dangerous was near.

Jack knew that there were bears and wolves in the Montana Woods, as well as minor tree nymphs and nature spirits, but nothing like that would give Toothless a cause to alert Jack of danger. Whatever was close, it was immortal... And dangerous.

Suddenly, Jack caught a glimmer of gold that seemed to be snaking through the clouds above, heading from the North.

It was familiar, so horribly familiar.

Jack felt his heart begin to speed up in his chest and he fought for control of his panic, wildly beating back the senselessness back into the far corners of his mind. Toothless, sensing Jack's distress, dove down into the tress, silent and swift. They crouched on the forest floor, carpeted with pine needles, their breaths quiet and tense. Jack tried to fight the memory, but flashed before his eyes:

_A dull glimmer of the afternoon sun on sand that once glowed like a nightlight. _

_The small man approaching him, silent, stoic, and and cold. _

_The whips, they lashed him without mercy, without conscience. It hurt, the fiery, hellish, stinging pain. _

But that was nothing compared to the agony in his heart as his someone he counted on as a grandfather beat him to death.

A soft whisper whooshed through the woods, meant to sound soothing, but it was like a scream of murder to Jack.

Was thatâ€”

He whipped his head to the right, frantically combing the trees for the glimmer of gold he had just seen in his peripheral. The only sound he heard was his own frantic breathing and the wild pounding of his heart.

Over thereâ€”

He jerked to the other side, his breaths beginning to rasp in his

"It really hurt." He heard himself say distantly. He felt small, warm handsâ€” Rapunzelâ€” push him gently into his wheelchair.

"Come on." She said gently. "Let's get you upstairs."

With an enraged roar, Nicholas St. North slammed his fist down on the table.

"He should be here!"

"Northâ€” _North_â€”"

"There's noâ€”"

"NORTH!" Father Christmas stopped his rant and look up at Toothiana. Her bright plumage was spiked with frustration. "Don't worry." Her voice was grim. "We'll find him."

North gave her a long look before sinking exhaustedly into his favorite armchair by the crackling fire. "We have searchedâ€”everywhere."

"I know."

"Sandy's as likely to find him on his job tonight as we are to find him on the sun."

Tooth was silent at that, aware that another '_I know' _would set her longtime friend off again.

North heaved a sigh. "Go rest, Toothy. I'll keep searching." Nodding mutely, Tooth fluttered out the open window.

North dragged a hand over his face before he re-consulted the map. It had been an endless cycle for the past six monthsâ€” guess and check, guess and check.

They were trying to be detectives, and their only clue was the little white baby tooth that belonged to their subject. It had been found on the floor six months ago along with pools blood when the Guardians had awoken on the floor of the globe room, their weapons in hand and no memory of how they got there.

Jack had been missing ever since.

****Hehe, you like that? Review! Now, a scene from the mind of the deluded Frosty!****

****Jack:I don't think you should end it that way...****

****Me: Why?****

****Jack: *shudders and whispers with wide eyes* Fangirls...****

****Me: Yep. ****

****Jack: *turns slowly to stare at me* You...didn't. ****

****Me: *hands up* You're Right. I didn't. ****

FANGIRL SCREAM IN DISTANCE

**Bunny appears from the shadows*: I'm sorry, mate. **

Jack: what have you done? Make them go away!

**Bunny: *monotone* I'm afraid I can't do that, Jack. **

Jack: Wat. Why are you acting like the freaky computer from that movieâ€œ

Jack: No

Bunny: Yes...

Jack: *turns on heel* Frosty, come on! To the hideout! *grabs my hand and flies into the distance*

stampeding Fangirls halt in the shadows in front of Bunny

Bunny: He escaped. Ladies, it's time for plan B.

Bunny: Mission: Get Frosty. Discover her real name. Take her hostage.

Fangirls: *foaming at the mouth* YESSSSSS...

BYE!

6. A Reunion Actually Welcomed (fixed)

aw guys! I'm so sorry! I had a whovian relapse. I mean, I still do, and I got it bad. I love it. But I haven't forgotten this story! I've been getting your reviews, and thank you is much for hanging tight with this story! It means alot.

**update: crap! I just retread this and realized how screwed up it was! Sorry! It's fixed now! **

One Day Later

"...three of, um, Jack Frost's frozen hot chocolate, and three of Rapunzel's chocolate chip cookie orders. Nothing else."

"Great." Said Jack cheerfully. "They'll be right out." He scrawled the order on his notepad and was about to turn around when he heard a tentative voice.

"Can I...um...ask what happened?" Jack swiveled around, fighting the burning feeling in his throat.

"Umm...it was an accident. Ya know, in a car." That was his main alibi, at least.

"Oh."

Nothing else was said, so Jack simply wheeled away and handed off the

order to Merida, who snatched it cheerfully from his numb fingers and re-entered the kitchen, yelling good-naturely at Hiccup. After being passed the table's drink orders, he carted them back to the table where he caught snatches of their conversation.

"That's a pretty cool photo, Alex. Jamie'll love it!"

Jamie.

Jack didn't even hear the thanks of the group. Man, he missed the little brown-haired kid who had been his first believer. He hadn't seen him in about a year. He'd be ten by now. But he doubted the Jamie this boy was talking about was the Jamie he had in mind.

"Alexander Benjamin Bennett!"

Jack froze, his heart pounding, before whipping around and wheeling quickly back over to the table. The girl was standing up as best she could in her seat, pressing herself away from a stream of hot chocolate she was rivering all over the table from Alex's overturned mug. The other boy had already wiggled out of the booth and was looking wildly around for napkins.

"Aw, Kay, I'm sorry!" Alex groaned. "It was an accident, I swear! Sorry," he added to Jack as he neared. "It just sort of...happened!"

"No worries!" Jack laughed. "You're not the first, and certainly not the last." He reached into his pack to hand Alex some napkins—"well, trying to hand them to Alex. The dang brace on his shoulder stopped him a foot short, and he groaned dramatically, giving the thing an annoyed slap with his free hand before switching off and gaining the proper reach with his other arm. Smiling slightly, Alex took the napkins and layered them over the table, mopping up sticky warm liquid.

"I'll get some towels," said Jack, whipping around and wheeling back to the kitchen, ducking under a precariously balanced tray of hot veggie soup (Hiccup's favorite) and grabbing some rags off the rack in the kitchen. By the time he arrived back at the table, most of the spill had already been cleaned, leaving Alex to rub the remaining stains up with the given rags.

"So..." Said Jack hesitantly, unsure of how to proceed. "Did you say your last name was...Bennett?"

Alex glanced up at Jack from his position of scouring off the brown outlines. "Yeah. I'm Alexander, and this is Catelin Smith and Michael Green."

"Oh..." Jack said casually, his mind spinning. "So...you're Jamie's older brother, then?"

Alex's head snapped up and his eyes widened in shock. "What?! You know Jamie?"

Jack couldn't suppress his grin. "Yeah!" He laughed. "I used to live on the same street. Jamie's a cool kid!"

"I can't believe you know him!" Chuckled Alex. "He's actually meeting me hereâ€" "

"Alex!" Jack's throat constricted as the familiar voice touched his ears, and he squeezed his eyes shut briefly...he whipped around in his chair so far that his back cracked and smarted painfully and and saw a wonderfully familiar boy wriggling through the crowds to reach them. His hair was even messier and his tooth had grown in, but Jack would know those brilliant brown eyes anywhere. He was speechless as Jamie launched himself into Alex's arms, babbling excitedlyâ€" "

"Yeah, yeah, kiddo, I know!" Alex gently cut off the ecstatic ten-year-old, grinning. He jerked his head towards Jack. "Do you know him?"

For a moment, Jack's delight was punctuated by fear. What if Jamieâ€"god forbidâ€"had stopped believing in him? He held his breath as Jamie's eyes darted over him.

"No?" Jamie frowned innocently, and Jack's heart stopped.

Then, a giant grin broke through his confusion and Jamie laughed. "Of course I do!" He giggled maniacally. "You should see your face!" Before Jack could speak, Jamie had launched himself at Jack, wrapping his arms around Jack's neck and laughing. Jack froze for an instant, shocked, but then wrapped his arms around the kid in turn, unable to suppress his grin.

"That was not funny!"

"Yes it was!"

Thankfully, Alex just laughed and sat back down with his friends, obviously trusting Jack to look after Jamie, leaving the two alone to talk.

"I can't believe you're here! Why are you here? Do you work here? Why are you in a wheelchair? How come everyone can see you?"

Jack just grinned for a moment. "In order," he stressed, "I'm here because I...needed to get away for a while. Yes, I work here. My friends and I founded this place. And before you ask," he added quickly, "Yes, the other three are spirits as wellâ€"the other seasons, actually. But anyway, the wheelchair is here because of me and a stupid stunt I pulled on Hiccup's dragon. And the reason I'm so universally visible is this."

He pinched the golden dog tag between his thumb and forefinger and lifted it off his chest (taking care to keep it around his neck) to show Jamie. "Totalis Fidesâ€"that's latin for total belief, I'm told. I wear this, and everyone can see me."

Jamie stared in awe. "Cool!" He said. "But what about the other Guardians?"

Okay, okay, warning lights. Red flag. Big NO. This was shaky ground.

Jack refused on instinct to tell Jamie about his...ordeal with the

Guardians. It's not like he thought Jamie was in dangerâ€”after his attack, the others had closely monitored the Guardians, making sure their murder-spree wouldn't continue onto the kids. Surprisingly, the guardians hadn't touched a hair on one child's headâ€”leaving Jack to the conclusion that it just must've been something he, himself, had done. But, anywayâ€”he wasn't about to ruin this kid's faith. Or defile him with the gory details.

So he forced a smile. "What about them?"

Jamie shrugged. "Don't they need you for anything?"

Jack had to fight down a surge of panic at those words, telling himself they were completely innocent. "Yâ€"no, no, actually. Theyâ€"they really just leave me alone."

"Okay!"

To Jack's enormous relief, Jamie seemed content to leave it at that, instead babbling about his family's ski vacation here and questioning Jack on Merida, Hiccup, and Rapunzel—“all of which Jack was much happier to answer.

Finally, Alex stood up from his food and called for Jamie to leave. Jack said his goodbyes, promising to visit Burgess as soon as he could. "Be sure to come for dinner!" Jack yelled as Jamie and his brother retreated down the street. Jamie just waved back enthusiastically before turning and sprinting to the hotel where his family was staying.

It was his break then, so Jack wheeled himself up the series of ramps to his room he shared with Hiccup, rolling with a grunt out of his chair and flopping onto the bed, wondering, not for the first time, what he had done to deserve this.

â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"â€"

"Jamie! Jamie!"

No sooner had the door clicked open did six-year-old Sophie's shriek piece Jamie's eardrums.

"I lost a tooth! I LOST A TOOTH!" The exuberant little seven year old was leaping up and down like a rabbit on an energy drink, her eyes wild with excitement. "Look! Look!" She pulled up her upper lip to show Jamie the gap in her mouth and the pearly white sphere in her palm.

"That's great!" Jamie laughed. "That means the tooth fairy is coming tonight!"

"But how will she know where to come?" Sophie suddenly gasped, her eyes widening with unseen horror. "What if—what if she doesn't know I lost a tooth?!"

"Woah, woah, Soph," laughed Jamie. "I promise, she knows. She'll come right here!"

With that, a thoroughly rejuvenated Sophie raced into the bathroom to brush her teeth while Jamie shook his head at himself. The tooth

fairy and Jack Frost on the same street...yeah, he had a pretty good life.

**please review and tell me what you think! This story is not done and hang in there! I will do my best to be consistent with updates, okay! ThaNks! **

**Q: Are any of you guys Whovians? Or Wholigans? **

**Review! **

End
file.